NUMB. CXLII.

The GUARDIAN.

——pacis mala: ſævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciſcitur—— Juv.

Monday, Auguſt 24. 1713.

BEING obliged, at preſent, to attend a particular Affair of my own, I do impower my Printer to look into the Arcana of the Lion, and ſelect out of them ſuch as may be of publick Utility; and Mr. *Button* is hereby authorized and commanded to give my ſaid Printer free Ingreſs and Egreſs to the Lion, without any Hindrance, Lett, or Moleſtation whatſoever, untill ſuch time as he ſhall receive Orders to the contrary. And for ſo doing this ſhall be his Warrant.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

By Vertue of the foregoing Order, the Lion has been carefully examined, and the two following Papers being found upon him, are thought very proper for publick Uſe.

Given in at the Lion's Mouth at 6 a Clock in the Morning.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

'I Came very early this Morning to rouze your Lion, thinking it the propereſt time to offer him Truth when his Stomach was empty and ſharp ſetts, and being informed too, that he is ſo very modeſt, as to be ſhy of ſwallowing any thing before much Company, and not without ſome other Politick Views, the principal of which was, that his Digeſtion being then the moſt keen and vigorous, it might probably refine this Raw-piece from ſeveral of its Crudities, and ſo make it proper Food for his Maſter; for as great Princes keep their Taſter, ſo I perceive you keep your Digeſter, having an Appetite peculiarly turned for Delicacies. It's Fellow-feeling and Similitude of Employments are any Motives to engage your Attention, I may be once promiſe my ſelf a favourable Hearing. By the Account you have given us of the *Sparkler* and your other Female Wards, I am pretty confident you cannot be a Stranger to the many great Difficulties there are in weaning a young Lady's Inclination from a Frolick which ſhe is fully bent upon. I am Guardian to a young Heireſs, whoſe Conduct I am more than ordinary Solicitous to keep ſteady in the ſlippery Age we live in. I muſt confeſs Miſs has hitherto been very Tractable and Toward, conſidering ſhe is an Heireſs, and now upon the brink of Fifteen; but here of late *Tom Wittigg* has ſo turned her Head with the Gallantries of a late Maſquerade, (which no doubt *Tom*, according to his uſual Vivacity, ſet forth in all its gayeſt Colours,) that the young Creature has been perfectly giddy ever ſince, and ſo ſet agog with the Thoughts of it, that I am teazed to Death by her importuning me to let her go to the next. In the mean time, I have ſurpriſed her more than once or twice very buſie in pulling all her Cloaths to pieces, in order to make up a ſtrange Dreſs, and with much ado have reprieved them from her mercileſs Scizzars. Now you muſt underſtand, old IRON, I am very loath to truſt her all alone into ſuch an Ocean of Temptations. I have made uſe of all manner of Diſſuaſives to

(Price Two Pence.)

to her, and have ſufficiently demonſtrated to her, that the Devil firſt addreſſed himſelf to *Eve* in a Maſque, and that we owe the Loſs of our firſt happy State to a Maſquerade, which that Sly Intriguer made in the Garden, where he ſeduced her; but ſhe does not at all regard all this, the Paſſion of Curioſity is as Predominant in her as ever it was in her Predeceſſor. Therefore I appeal, Sage NESTOR, to your experienced Age, whether theſe Nocturnal Aſſemblies have not a bad Tendency, to give a looſe Turn to a young Lady's Imagination. For the being in Diſguiſe takes away the uſual Checks and Reſtraints of Modeſty; and conſequently the *Beaux* don't bluſh to talk wantonly, nor the *Belles* to liſten; the one as greedily ſucks in the Poiſon, as the other induſtriouſly infuſes it; and I am apt to think too, that the Ladies may poſſibly forget their own ſelves in ſuch ſtrange Dreſſes, and do that in a perſonated Character which may ſtain their real ones. A young Milk-maid may indulge her ſelf in the innocent Freedom of a Green Gown; and a Shepherdeſs, without thinking any harm, may lye down with a Shepherd on a Moſſie Bank; and all this while poor *Sylvia* may be ſo far loſt in the pleaſing Thoughts of her new Romantick Attire, and *Damon*'s ſoft endearing Language, as never once to reflect who ſhe is, till the Romance is compleated. Beſides, do but conſider, dear NESTOR, when a youg Lady's Spirits are fermented with ſparkling Champaign, her Heart opened and dilated by the attractive Gayety of every thing about her, her Soul melted away by the ſoft Airs of Muſick, and the gentle Powers of Motion, in a word, the whole Woman diſſolved in a Luxury of Pleaſure; I ſay in ſuch critical Circumſtances, in ſuch unguarded Moments, how eaſie is it for a young thing to be led aſide by her Stars. Therefore, good Mr. IRONSIDE, ſet your Lion a roaring againſt theſe dangerous Aſſemblies: I can aſſure you, one good loud Roar will be ſufficient to deter my Ward from them, for ſhe is naturally mighty fearful, and has been always uſed from her Childhood to be frighted into good Behaviour. And it may prove too ſome Benefit to your ſelf in the Management of your own Females, who, if they are not already, I don't at all queſtion but they will be very ſhortly gadding after theſe Midnight Gambols. Therefore, to promote your own Peace and Quietneſs, as well as mine, and the Safety of all young Virgins, pray order your Lion to exert his loudeſt Notes againſt Maſquerades; I am ſure it would be a perfect Conſort to all good Mothers, and particularly charm the Ears of

Your faithfull Friend and Companion,

Old Ruſtiſides.

Moſt worthy SIR,

'BEing informed that the *Evites* daily increaſe, 'and that Fig Leaves are ſhortly coming into 'Faſhion; I have hired me a Piece of Ground and 'planted it with Fig-Trees, the Soil being naturally 'productive of 'em. I hope, good Sir, you will 'ſo far encourage my new Project, as to acquaint 'the Ladies, that I have now by me a choice Col'lection of Fig-Leaves of all Sorts and Sizes, of 'a delicate Texture and a lovely bright Verdure, 'beautifully ſcolloped at the Extremities, and moſt 'curiouſly wrought with Variety of ſlender Fibres 'ranged in beautiful Meanders and Windings. I 'have ſome very cool ones for Summer, ſo tranſparently thin that you may ſee through them, and 'others of a thicker Subſtance for Winter. I have 'likewiſe ſome very ſmall ones of a particular Spe'cies for little Miſſes. So that I don't queſtion 'but to give general Satisfaction to all Ladies what'ſoever, that pleaſe to repair to me at the Sign of 'the *Adam* and *Eve* near *Cupid*'s *Gardens*. If you 'will favour me with the Inſertion of this, in your '*Guardian*, I will make your Favourite, the *Spark'ler*, a Preſent of ſome of the choiceſt Fig-Leaves 'I have, and lay before her Feet the *Primitias* of 'my new Garden; and if you bring me a great 'many Cuſtomers for my Leaves, I promiſe you 'my Figgs ſhall all be at your Service.

I am, worthy SIR,

Your Worſhip's moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Anthony Ever-Green.

N. B. 'I am now rearing up a Sett of fine Fur'belowed Dock-Leafs, which will be exceeding 'proper for old Women and Superannuated Maids; 'thoſe Plants having two excellent good Properties, 'the one, that they flouriſh beſt in dry Ground; the 'other, that being clothed with ſeveral Integuments 'of downy Surfaces, they are exceeding warm and 'cheriſhing.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE Famous WATER THEATRE of the late Ingenious Mr. Winſtanly is now opened, and will be Shown for 8 Days and no longer this Season, at 5 of the Clock every Morning; there is the greateſt Curioſities in Water Works the like was never performed before by any; and ſeveral new Additions will be ſhown during this time, and Tueſday the 2d of September will be the laſt Day it will be ſhewn this Season. This is at the lower End of Piccadilly towards Hide-Park, and is known by a Wind-mill upon the Top of it; then ſeveral Curioſities will be added to his Ram'd Houſe at Littleberry in Eſſex, which is now in compleat Order, on the Road to Southwold Fair, Newmarket, Derry, Norwich, Lynn and Yarmouth, both are in the Poſſeſſion of his Widow, and are Shown for her Benefit.

There is continued to be Sold, at Mr. Vande Velde's at the a Black Boy in King-ſtreet Bloomsbury, a Parcel of extraordinary Original Pictures by ſeveral fine Maſters, and will be Sold out of Hand, where Admittance will be given for all this Week.

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